Roman(ian) Holiday

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Roman(ian) Holiday

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Nigel is thinking about the next step in their relationship, and Adam doesn't seem to be on the same page...

Chapter 1

Sweaty limbs clung together.

Despite an ache deep in his bones, Nigel buried himself in the place he called home - Adam. Their bodies were so entwined that it was hard to tell where one began and the other ended. It didn't really matter, because at times like this - when being apart for even a short amount of time had planted a need for each other - there were no thoughts. There was just their reunion.

It was slow and delicate. A necessity to his wounded body in one part, but also to revel in his Adam, to savour him. To hear those sweet little sighs the omega made when he was so delicate with him. His hands gently twined in Adam's curls as he held his weight on his elbows, crushing his lover a little beneath him as he slowly moved within him. Kissing was languid, an exploration, a reacquaintance. He knew Adam loved this; Adam loved sex in general and the type depended on his mood. He knew this not only because Adam was forthright as to tell him quite bluntly and often, but their bond enabled him to feel it on a level he was never fully conscious of but was comforted by.

He could feel Adam's arousal, his cock caught between the press of their bodies and Adam's sighs becoming moans as he gently thrust. The movement reaching a pleasure point deep inside mirrored the friction against his erection. Nigel could tell - knew from Adam's little sounds and slight squirming and not just the bond - that he was becoming overstimulated and needed it to be over soon. As much as he was enjoying it, as much as he loved it when they made love like this, it was too much for him to be kept on the edge. Nigel lifted back slightly and squeezed a hand between them to stroke Adam's cock in time with his thrusts, without increasing his own rhythm. Adam moaned into his mouth and shuddered with relief at the welcome assistance.

A few minutes later and Adam turned his head to break their kiss, breathing hard, his face distorted into a frown of mixed pleasure and almost pain. Nigel buried his face in Adam's neck, nosing along the scar he made there when they bonded, taking in Adam's rich scent made all the headier by arousal.

"Cum for me baby." Nigel whispered. The words were enough to push his little omega over the edge. Nigel savoured the feeling of Adam tightening around him, took his lips again, growled into them as he spilled his seed into Adam with a low rumble in his chest. A few further thrusts and he let himself still and cover his omega entirely with his weight.

He stayed that way until Adam started to squirm. Too exhausted and achey to make a tease of it, Nigel rolled onto his back. He pulled Adam with him, feeling the little omega equally breathless against his chest as they both pulled themselves back together.

It was Sunday evening. Nigel had been out of town on Friday night for a fight - the biggest one he'd had so far and he'd won. He had a pocket full of cash and a body of bruised bones to show for it. Adam had taken care of him all weekend. In fact, he probably wasn't as badly hurt as Adam presumed, but he liked being taken care of and he was sure Adam liked it too.

The first time it had disrupted Adam's routine a little, but then as with everything with the alpha, Adam seemed to find a way to incorporate it into his routine. Or rather, he developed a new routine for weekends Nigel was fighting. Ending the Sunday evening with some much needed sex was part of the routine. After a weekend of tender touches and caregiving, it was what they both needed.

Nigel loved to box, but he loved even more coming home to his Adam. As he felt the omega lying atop him and breathing out little sighs of contentment, his heart filled to bursting.

"I want to marry you Adam Raki." Nigel breathed the words into Adam's hair.

He hadn't really meant for them to come out; they had just been idle thoughts that slipped from his brain and out of his mouth. Even so, he was surprised by Adam's reaction as the omega started to giggle.

"Oh Nigel, that's so silly." Adam's laughter tinkled.

Nigel couldn't respond, words stuck in his throat. He hadn't meant to say it out loud and perhaps he'd known Adam wouldn't be interested in marriage, but even so it was unexpectedly hard to hear.

Adam propped himself up and looked down into Nigel's eyes. Nigel tried hard not to let emotion show in his them, even though he wasn't sure Adam would read it or understand it.

"We don't need to get married Nigel, we're bonded," he said lightly.

Nigel nodded and kissed Adam's forehead before moving from the bed and towards the shower. He thought Adam might understand. Marriage was a very beta thing, and they had both been raised mostly around betas, so he thought Adam might think marriage was important. But then why? Nigel was only just realising for himself that he thought it was important. He'd been married to Gabi. He presumed because she was a beta - they couldn't bond so that's what betas did. Some part of him, regardless of his bond with Adam, wanted to marry the omega. Maybe have that new marriage to replace the one he couldn't recall. That same part of him was a little hurt by Adam's response and he chided himself for it. Adam wouldn't have meant to hurt him, and maybe he was right - alphas and omegas didn't need something as pedestrian as marriage.

He stood under the shower letting the water run over him and not realising that Adam had followed him to the bathroom.

"Nigel, I didn't mean to upset you…" Adam's voice was small.

Nigel sighed and looked to the door where Adam stood watching him. He turned off the water. "I'm not upset gorgeous." He pulled on a smile. He hated Adam to think he was upset with him. It was such a stupid thing to get upset over and he should have known better; it wasn't fair for Adam to be on the receiving end of it.

"Nigel, I can feel it." He put his hand over his heart. The action sent a stab of pain to his own chest.

Damn bond!

Nigel wanted to lament it at times like this; it could be hard for Adam to understand others and the bond allowed him to know a lot of Nigel's feelings, but still not always understand them or know how to process them. And the closer they were the stronger the connection. In some ways it made things easier between him and Adam, but at times like this it was hard. He couldn't really regret it though - they were true mates - he knew deep in his heart that they were destined to be bonded, and truly it was the best thing in the world.

Nigel nodded in acceptance. "Ok, sorry. I didn't want you to worry… I was just surprised that you think marriage is stupid."

"Oh." Adam seemed surprised and thoughtful. "I, um. It's just that we don't need it. The bond is so much more and on a practical level it gives us the same legal rights…"

Nigel nodded and tried to smile to show no harm was done, but it was pretty hard. "I have to get to bed." He said eventually. "Early shift in the morning."

They returned to the bed and snuggled up together, and Nigel resolved to forget about it. It was a stupid though, and he shouldn't have said anything.

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"Nigel said he wants to marry me." Adam told Lynnette as the sat eating lunch together at work. They were sat on a bench out in the sun, on the observatory grounds, enjoying the pleasant day when Adam decided to share the fact. It had happened a few days before and Adam had been thinking it over, trying to work out why Nigel seemed so upset about it. He knew Nigel liked him not to talk about their private lives so much, but he thought maybe telling the only other alpha he knew would make things clearer.

"Oh. Well, that's exciting news! When do you think you'll have the wedding?" Lynnette asked with a smile.

"Oh, um. We're not… I mean, I told him we don't need to get married because of the bond." Adam explained. He felt his face flush a little that he had been misunderstood and that her reaction had been an assumption that he'd said yes. Maybe it was expected that he should have said yes? He really didn't understand.

"I see… and how did Nigel take that?"

"He was upset but I think now he's ok." Adam paused. "I'm not sure why he was upset, I don't want to ask him to explain and make him more upset. You don't need marriage when you're bonded." Adam replied, taking a bite of his sandwich, slightly exasperated as to why no one understood this.

Lynnette frowned at him. "Adam, Angela and are I married."

"Oh. Yes, you are… I didn't… um…" Adam felt a little unsure. He hoped he hadn't upset Lynnette, but she and Angela being married didn't feel like a reason he and Nigel should get

married. He knew that lots of alpha/omega bonded couples called each other wife or husband even if they weren't married in the legal sense so he hadn't thought much about Lynnette and Angela being married before.

"Look Adam, everyone has different reasons for getting married. But I suspect for most alpha/omega couples it is something similar - for those of us not so thoroughbred." She smiled warmly at him and he returned the smile. "Do you understand Adam?"

"I, uh… what do you mean?"

"Neither of you have known many people other than betas. It's the same for me and Angela; it would be expected that you might see marriage as important - as it is to betas."

"But I don't see it as important-" Adam started, not sure that Lynnette was really understanding him at all, which was surprising as she was a bonded alpha, even if she was married.

"But Nigel does." Lynnette interrupted.

"Oh." Adam understood her meaning. "Oh… I see now why Nigel was upset. It's just… it doesn't make sense. It isn't necessary on a personal or legal level..."

"Adam, he was married before, so it makes absolute sense. He sees marriage as important and he wants to marry you because you are important. He probably wants to show you that you are everything to him regardless of his previous marriage."

"But I already know that."

Lynnette sighed. "Adam, do you hate the idea of getting married?"

"No… it's just not nec-"

"Would you like to make Nigel happy?" Lynnette interrupted.

"Of course." Adam said thoughtfully. "Is that why you and Angela got married?"

"Sort of." She shook her head. "We were both raised by betas so it was important to both of us. We wanted to make each other happy. We'd already waited quite a while before we bonded… it tends to happen with female pairs - we both wanted to make sure we were settled in our careers before committing on that level. Then marriage was the next logical step for us." She smiled broadly, no doubt remembering her wedding, or at the least thinking of her wife.

Adam nodded. There was no going back from bonding - it was forever. But to betas, marriage mimicked that.

"When we finally bonded we started calling each other wife; many do…" her voice trailed off and Adam wasn't quite sure why. Maybe she felt awkward as he and Nigel hadn't done the same. They didn't refer to each other as husband - Adam had never really thought about it. "So we were already wives before the wedding."

“Maybe Nigel would like that. Maybe that’s why he wants to get married, because I don’t call him my husband.”

Lynnette smiled. “Adam, as usual, you’re overthinking it! Just marry the fool. It won’t do you any harm and it's important to him. Wouldn’t he do anything if it was important to you?”

Adam nodded. Nigel would do anything and Lynnette was right, being married wouldn’t be an issue for him, though the wedding itself had the potential to be overwhelming. That was something else entirely to consider.

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Nigel was surprised to see Adam waiting on the step when he got home from the gym.

“Is everything ok baby?” he asked, concerned as to why the little omega would be outside waiting for him several hours after Adam would have gotten home from work. “How long have you been waiting there?” Nigel noted he was still in his work clothes rather than the PJs he tended to change into once he got home. By this time he should have showered too, but he didn’t look like he’d done that either. This was all very bad.

Nigel dropped his gym bag in the middle of the footpath and was immediately next to Adam as the omega started to rise. Nigel put his hands on Adam’s shoulders and made sure to capture his eyes. “Adam, talk to me. What is it?!” He couldn’t have hid the concern in his voice if he’d tried.

“I was just thinking.” Adam said with a smile. The only reason that calmed Nigel was because he knew Adam never forced smiles, never tried to humour people. He felt relief in his chest radiate around his body.

“About what baby? Must be something important. Have you had a shower yet?”

“No, I was waiting… we could shower together.” He said brightly. Nigel was never, ever going to argue with that.

He stepped back and grabbed his gym bag before heading into the apartment and pulled Adam close to him. “So what were you thinking about? Us having a shower?” He winked and let his hand smooth down Adam’s side until he reached his little rump and gave a squeeze.

Adam let out a delightful laugh. “No! But I am now.” He started towards the bedroom already undoing his clothes. Nigel followed suit, or at least he did initially. Because then Adam said -

“I was thinking that I would really like to marry you.” and Nigel was frozen to the spot.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Adam and Nigel start looking into the practicalities of getting married - which includes a lot of crappy paperwork... and more sex.

"I'm going to need some time off," Nigel told Lynnette as he let himself into her office and took a seat. He was trying but failing at an annoyed look, unable to keep the corners of his lips twitching up into an involuntary smile.

She grinned knowingly at him. "You know the procedure… fill in the form. You don't need to come down to HR to ask."

"Well, I suppose not. But as it's your fault I need time off I thought I'd make it your problem." He returned a playful grin and leaned forward on the desk, a gesture of mock threat. Two alphas, friends, who understood each other.

"My…? Pfft. So you're going to tell me next that you and Adam getting married was entirely my idea!?" Her smile grew wider and she winked at him. He let out a bellow of laughter.

"He told me he spoke with you, what you said. I mean… thanks." Nigel said fondly as he leaned back in the seat opposite Lynnette. "I'd just kind of dropped it, I wasn't sure if he wanted to talk about it and I didn't want him to feel like I was pressuring him so… thanks for explaining it to him. I don't think I could have done that."

"Oh, enough. You'll make me blush." She joked. "So, when *are* you getting married? I'm guessing a honeymoon is on the cards? Just hope you have better luck than me and Angela - all the hecticness and excitement of the wedding triggered Angela's heat early and we spent the last week of our honeymoon stuck in the hotel. Would've been fantastic if the damn thing had had better aircon!"

"Sometimes you share way too much information." Nigel frowned, but smiled. "Anyway, the time off isn't for a honeymoon…" He took a breath. "I have to go back to Romania."

"What? Why?" She knew enough from both him and Adam of his background there and was clearly concerned, which didn't help how Nigel felt about the whole thing either. He didn't want to go back, didn't think he'd ever need to, but life was weird that way.

He sighed, letting out the breath he been almost painfully holding. "I didn't bring any papers with me when I came here. Didn't think to… wouldn't even know where to look for them. Don't need them for bonding, obviously but…"

Lynnette nodded with realisation “You do to get married.”

“Or have kids…” Nigel mused “Not that that’s on the cards right now.” he followed up hurriedly it was a subject he planned on avoiding where possible. He sighed “Fucking papers! It’s so antiquated... “ His accent thickened slightly with his frustration.

“Well, what’s even more ridiculous is the whole point was that you used to have to have them for arranged bonds - prove the thoroughbred status of the Alpha or Omega in the match, and when they repealed that they didn’t repeal it for marriage and kids. So damn stupid.”

Nigel nodded. “Same in Romania. Though I don’t think they’ll ever repeal it on the kids front - there are too many traditionalists in government there. At least from what I remember.” Nigel spoke from his outdated memory but was sure not a lot had changed through the years that he couldn’t quite recall. At least back then, there was a strong opposition to repealing the need for papers when having children, as antiquated as it was. “But as always, the rich are in power and they make the laws… they see the loss of having papers for breeding as a threat to their pedigree.”

“Fucking barbaric!” It was a touchy subject but even so Lynnette rarely was so obviously angered by things and her reaction made Nigel frown.

“Everything ok?” Nigel asked, genuine concern for one of the few friends he had.

Lynnette was silent for a moment before she sighed. “It’s a process. It’s *the* process… fucking shocking. Uh, Angela’s pregnant…” The words all spilled out in a rush.

“Wow! Congratulations!” Nigel beamed at her and her face broke into a smile.

“Thankfully we had to file our papers to get married so we’ve not had to go through the same level of rigmarole again, but it’s just… feels so backwards having to take them to the ob-gyn for them to record. You know? I think I actually shuddered when we went there. I know it’s all routine, but it’s just so backward… and neither of us are thoroughbred, can you imagine what it would be like marrying someone with pedigree. Shit, you’d probably have to have loads of tests run to make sure you were of good enough stock for them. Pretty sure betas must be so happy that all these laws don’t apply to them.”

No, but they help make and keep the laws. Nigel didn’t voice aloud his bitterness, not wanting to further upset Lynnette.

She took a breath, rant seemingly over. Though Nigel could understand her thoughts and feelings on all of it. He didn’t even want to think about having to go register their papers for marriage. They’d already bonded so it didn’t much matter, but then of course that’s why marriage used to come before bonding, and also why so many couples didn’t even bother to do any more than bond these days unless they were beta. Maybe Adam had been right - it wasn’t necessary. But he’d never wanted something so much in his fucking life right now. To be so completely connected to Adam in every way.

“That is big news. Seriously, so pleased for you both.” Nigel smiled.

“Yeah. We’d been thinking about it for a while. Damn, we’re such a cliche! Female Alpha and Omega partners doing the careers-before-bonding, then waiting to have kids. No wonder the traditionalists hate us!” She laughed and it was the lovely light sound of someone who was expecting a future of happiness. “Anyway, we weren’t talking about that. And incidentally, don’t say anything about or to Angela, we’re not telling people yet. So... You have to go to Romania”

Nigel nodded and went with the change of tack. “I have no idea where my papers are. My family home perhaps, but I don’t know about that - my last memories of it are from when my mother died. Not sure who even lives there, what happened to the place after she died - it’s all a blank.”

“What are you going to do?”

Nigel shrugged, paused for a moment before he let out a sigh and continued, because he knew exactly what he had to do - “Contact my ex-wife, I would’ve had to have my papers to marry her… Feels a bit weird, given that I don’t remember the wedding. Or the marriage… or her. Beyond the odd flash here and there. But she was nice though, nicer than she needed to be, when I called her that time.”

Lynnette nodded. “Can’t she post them?”

“If she has them? Maybe. Is it fair of me to ask that of her? I think this is something that needs to be done in person. Besides, if she doesn’t have them… Maybe it will be good for me to go back.” He faltered over the last few words. He didn’t want to acknowledge the possibility that going home might trigger more memories. He didn’t like the ones he had uncovered so far and was just thankful that Adam accepted him for who he was now, and not who he had been.

Lynnette nodded again; she understood enough to know he was right - “Fingers crossed it should be quite straightforward - go get the papers, come home, get married. Bring back something, I don’t know, *Romanian* for the baby.”

Nigel wanted to chuckle at the *something Romanian* but his worry increased the more he thought about it.

“Actually, it may not be as simple as that… When I left, I was pretty much warned never to come back. I’m not trying to be dramatic, but I don’t think I’m wrong in saying that it could be quite dangerous for me there.” He didn’t say that he was pretty sure it could be fatally dangerous if certain people found out he was there.

“Why is shit never simple with you?” Lynnette practically rolled her eyes.

Nigel shrugged. “Fucked if I know.”

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“Adam?” Nigel said his name softly and Adam knew it was because he was sat on the sofa and not in bed as he usually was when Nigel got home from a late night session at the gym - he probably thought he’d fallen asleep there.

“I’m awake.”

Nigel went to him and then frowned when he saw what Adam was wearing. Adam reactively snuggled deeper into the little dog shirt, surrounded by Nigel’s scent.

“What’s wrong gorgeous?” Nigel dropped beside the sofa and tentatively ran a hand into Adam’s curls. Nigel let out a soft sigh and Adam knew it was because he hadn’t pulled back at Nigel’s touch and so his alpha was relieved.

“I’m fine.” He tried to reassure Nigel but couldn’t quite smile.

Nigel moved onto the sofa and pulled Adam tight to his chest. Adam breathed in deeply, he could smell the sweat from Nigel’s work out that still clung to his skin, making him smell even more like his - “Alpha”. He let out the word softly on a sigh and Nigel pulled him back to look into his face and then scented the air.

“Are you going to go into Heat?” Nigel’s frown deepened. It wasn’t due and he knew Nigel knew that.

“No.” He frowned back. “Not for a while. Did… did you-” Adam cut himself off and bit his lower lip. He was too afraid to ask because he didn’t want Nigel to answer, and he didn’t want to acknowledge it himself - did Nigel want him to be in heat? Did he want to start a family? They were bonded, and now that they were getting married, children was the only thing left unexplored between them. Was that what Nigel wanted? Adam pushed the thought away and choked back a sob with it. At this Nigel took hold of him tightly.

“Adam, please darling tell me what is it? You don’t just sit here in my shirt doing nothing, when you’re usually in bed by now. And then you tell me everything is fine? Please baby.”

“I’ve been thinking about the wedding.” Adam admitted haltingly. He felt Nigel tense against him and Nigel’s own anxiety, though different, mixed lightly with his own. And then he felt Nigel’s ebb away, replaced instead with something else - resignation.

“Adam, if you don’t want to get married, I understand… really I do. I don’t want you to do anything you don’t want to do.” He could hear the crack in Nigel’s voice but didn’t pull away to look into his face, he already knew what he would find there - that resignation, love, unhappiness.

“I want to!” Adam said it as emphatically as he could. “I want to be *married* to you, I want the *marriage*. Now that I know how important it is to you, it’s important to me too! But… it’s the wedding. I… I don’t want to be around lots of people when I want to just be with you, maybe a few close friends, maybe.” He felt a little choke in his throat at the thought. Of all days he would want to be alone with just Nigel, that would be it.

“We can plan it just how you want gorgeous.” Nigel let out a sigh against him and he felt him relax as he stroked up and down Adam’s back. The motion calming Adam somewhat. It made him feel safe and comforted. “I’ll plan it all if it’s easier, and it doesn’t have to be soon! We can get married in ten years time for all I care!” Nigel kissed along his brow and Adam sighed out a small laugh. He knew Nigel wanted to marry him right away, and despite the anxiety over it and that fact that he knew Nigel would have to get his papers from Romania somehow, that made Adam feel so comforted and loved that he was almost completely happy to agree to any date.

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Nigel woke the next day twisted up in Adam and the little dog shirt that Adam had ended up wearing to bed. He propped himself up on his elbow and watched his omega sleep, gently breathing, just enough flesh exposed by the ill-fitting shirt to stir Nigel’s interest. A part of Nigel didn’t want to disturb his peaceful angel, but the other part of his brain already had him running a hand up a smooth thigh. Adam stirred a little, let out a gentle moan and repositioned slightly, his legs twisting then falling open so that Nigel’s hand was now on his inner thigh and moving higher.

When it reached the top of Adam’s inner thigh, Adam hitched a breath and then exhaled it with a giggle.

“Are you feeling better darling?” Nigel asked gently. He had held Adam most of the night, wondering the whole time if he was doing the right thing. Was this going to be too stressful for Adam or was it something that he would adjust to? Nigel resolved to plan the whole thing - a small wedding, somewhere familiar, as few people as possible. Lynnette and Angela of course, and Adam would want Harlan there, maybe even Beth. They had friendly acquaintances at work, but none he would invite to his special day. Adam’s special day. In the end they both wanted the same thing really - Nigel didn’t give much of a hoot about the wedding; he’d go to a Clerk’s Office if that would be ok for Adam.

Adam was nuzzling into him as he was waking. Nigel could make out enough of the words muffled against his skin to believe that Adam was feeling better. He was relieved; it definitely bode well especially as he still had to break the news he had planned to the night before.

“Darling, I need to talk to you.” Adam’s nuzzling reached his neck and became kisses. “Adam, please…” he all but groaned, drawing a giggle from Adam. He may have felt calmer than the night before, but this was definitely Adam’s way of seeking further comfort and reassurance and Nigel was never going to deny him that. Even so, he knew he needed to speak now and get it over with as soon as possible -

“Adam, I’m going away for a few days. I have to go to Romania to pick up my paperwork.”

At that Adam stopped and moved back to look at Nigel. Eye contact and determined look. “I… I realised that you might have to.” Through that weird unspoken connection Nigel felt that Adam could sense his relief, and he was glad of it - for once - as the omega gave a gentle smile. Adam went back to nuzzling him, pushing his face into Nigel’s neck now, seeking the scent there - wanting to be marked with it.

Provide. The low current of alpha that ran through Nigel's brain kicked up into a higher region, instinct taking over to a greater degree. Adam needed him, for reassurance and comfort and satisfaction. Nigel would provide.

He ran a hand up into Adam's hair as he raised himself to seated on the bed, gripping the curls lightly as he angled Adam's head back. The omega's breath hitched as Nigel first nosed at the area of his scent gland and then licked a thick stripe up his throat. Adam whimpered then and tried to press against Nigel, but he was held firm by a gentle hand. He held Adam back with one hand and undid the shirt buttons with the other as the omega squirmed.

"Please Nigel, not too slow…" Nigel felt the sudden fret and looked at Adam. He could see the usual need in his face. When he needed the comfort of being surrounded in every way by his alpha. He would become overstimulated if Nigel went too slow. That need stiffened Nigel's already thickening cock and he moved his hands to pull the shirt off Adam entirely. Shirt discarded to the floor he dragged Adam forward by the hips so that the omega was laid out on his back. Nigel immediately lowered his head to Adam's waistband, nosing at it and then breathing deep the musky scent there. He trailed his nose down the hard line of Adam's cock before mouthing at it through the cloth. Another whimper and squirm from Adam - the pleasure of this particular taste would have to wait for another time.

Nigel pulled back, his hands still on Adam's hips, and flipped the lighter man easily. Adam instinctively drew his legs under himself and raised his ass with a delighted moan. Nigel's hands moved to grip the underwear, ready to pull them down, but first he leaned forward and buried his face between the omega's cheeks. Even not in heat, slick was beginning to flow, and the scent was divine. He inhaled deeply and then tongued at the material to taste the ambrosia within, until Adam whimpered impatiently.

At that Nigel finally pulled the boxers down, dragged them over hips, down thighs and left them gathered at Adam's knees. Unable to resist, he moved back to Adam's ass, nosing his way in and licking deeply up between his cheeks, drawing the slick onto his tongue and moaning in appreciation. Nothing tasted as good. He dipped his tongue slowly into Adam, feeling the muscles give easily, already dilated with Adam's arousal. Sometimes they needed to use lube when Adam wasn't in heat but it would be unnecessary this time.

Nigel pulled back before Adam had chance to whimper again, glad that he slept naked so at least one further obstacle was absent. He moved behind Adam and pushed inside him slow but unwavering, until he was flush against the omega's ass. Adam was panting and tight. Nigel leaned over the arching back and pressed little kisses to the flesh he could reach there, before he set a steady rhythm. Adam keened and pushed back against him to meet each thrust until they were moving together at a frenetic pace. Nigel's hands gripped Adam's hips tight enough to bruise whilst the omega's fists were balled in the bed covers - his untouched cock straining and leaking.

Nigel knew Adam was too stimulated to touch himself, so Nigel wouldn't either - the thought that he was going to make the omega cum untouched made him fuck into him harder.

"Adam...you're fucking beautiful," Nigel growled as he lapped at the beads of sweat forming on Adam's back.

“Niiigel…” A drawn out whimper before Adam suddenly tensed and came forcefully, squeezing so tight around the alpha that a bolt of electricity went straight to his balls. He fucked Adam through the omega’s orgasm and into his own. A final few thrusts and his inflated knot was pressing against Adam’s tightness.

“Alpha!” Adam cried. At that word Nigel pulled back and pressed forward again, meeting resistance and a little cry from Adam before breaching him and cumming again so hard that he almost lost his precarious balance.

They didn’t always knot when Adam wasn’t in heat - it was always more painful to do so, but sometimes it gave Adam something he needed, heat or not. Some part of Nigel that was necessary to him. They panted together for a few minutes, Nigel draped over Adam, their sweaty skin sticking together. Finally Nigel gently eased onto his side, taking Adam with him and wrapped himself around the smaller man.

As they lay together, still joined, Nigel gently playing with Adam’s hair, Adam sighed with contentment. He squirmed back against Nigel, getting comfortable.

“Nigel… I want to come with you to Romania.” He said firmly, as though he had thought about it for some time before deciding.

Even so Nigel went to protest -

“Adam…” the word was only just out of his mouth when the omega pushed back hard onto him and tightened. The squeeze on his knot had Nigel cumming again, this time muttering Romanian curses.

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Adam and Nigel have a long put off conversation about kids. Some anxiety and angst, but always fluff (because Nigel is the best alpha ever).

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Nigel had booked the flights for a fortnight later. He had tried to insist that Adam not come along. It would be difficult for the omega, who often found travelling daunting, and maybe even dangerous too given Darko's warning. But Adam had been firm. And as always, it didn't take an awful lot to get Nigel to bend to his will.

When Nigel had argued that Adam didn't even know the language the omega smiled and recited one of the phrases Nigel had taught him - "mi-o tragi mai tare" which had elicited a reaction in Nigel that took most of his blood from his brain down to his cock making it difficult to form much of a cogent argument. At least Adam had had the decency to blush!

In the end Nigel conceded, and a sort of nervous excitement settled over Adam and increased daily as the flight approached.

The night before the flight they arranged to have dinner at Bernie's Diner with Lynnette and Angela. And that had been lovely, had all been going so well with talk of the trip and Adam coming down on the excitement side over the anxious side. He had been reading a lot of travel guides and even a history book or two. He's decided on places he wanted to visit to the point that Nigel had to rein him in and remind him they were only going for 5 days. So, all was well. Until they were waiting for desserts to arrive and Nigel saw Angela and Lynnette share a look and knew what was coming next. He braced himself to feign his surprise.

"We have some news." Lynnette started and then looked at Angela, who just smiled and gave a slight nod for Lynnette to continue. "Um, we're going to have a baby!"

Angela let out a little squeal which covered any hesitation Nigel had whilst over thinking how to seem surprised. And then the three of them were talking at once - congratulations and excitement and Lynnette repeated about them bringing something of a gift back from Romania. Nigel laughed like the joke hadn't already been made and the job was done! No one would have suspected that Nigel had known for a while. It hadn't been hard to keep the secret - they hadn't talked about it since that time in Lynnette's office so it was rarely on his mind.

Nigel absentmindedly reached for Adam, to pull him close, and felt the unusually quiet omega tense up at his touch.

“Adam?” Nigel started quietly as he looked over and saw Adam had gone quite pale and was wearing a pained expression. “Darling?” He tried to pull Adam close to him but met resistance, as though Adam was rooted to the chair. In response Adam made a sort of non-committal noise and then excused himself from the booth saying he needed to use the restroom. They all frowned and watched him go.

“He’s seemed so good about the trip, I don’t-” Nigel started. They all knew how Adam could get sometimes, but it had been different since they bonded - it gave Adam a bit more ability to understand Nigel and that small thing had opened up the world to him just a little more. Nigel had even stopped worrying about Adam and the trip, worrying more about avoiding Darko - which was why he had phoned Gabi a few days after he had booked the flights to arrange meeting her and hopefully avoiding his presumed once friend. She had even been kind enough to offer to pick them up from the airport. With few options to hand he had agreed - one less thing to worry about.

“I don’t think it’s the trip…” Angela realised aloud. “I’ll go check on him.” She followed Adam out to the omega bathroom.

When Nigel looked back at Lynnette she seemed worried.

“Maybe we should have waited until you got back.”

“Waited?” Nigel wasn’t sure what she meant.

“It’s the baby news that’s upset Adam.” Lynnette said gently. Nigel had never heard her speak so softly. Normally they were boisterous and noisy together. This gave him a glimpse of Lynnette as Angela’s alpha - of the type of gentling she offered her mate. That soft underbelly side of herself reserved for Angela, and to a lesser degree Adam, who from day one they had practically adopted as a wayward child.

Nigel felt his heart sinking. Did Adam want kids? They hadn’t ever really discussed it. Just in the beginning when Adam had wanted to go on contraceptives. Nigel assumed it was for exactly the same reason he had wanted Adam to as well - they didn’t know enough about Nigel - who he had been. And now he knew more and the last thing in his head was to have kids, so he had never raised it again in the hopes Adam wouldn’t either. The glimpses he had now of his past and the further information from his ex-wife was enough for Nigel to know that he didn’t want to have kids. What if they turned out like him, instead of perfect like Adam? How would Adam cope with miniature versions of him, who as children would be less able to control themselves than he was? And he only managed thanks to his violent side line in boxing. He had no idea how they would raise an alpha and the odds were high their child would be alpha or omega - it’d be a slim chance to have a beta, and yet that might be a better option. At least it would have the head start neither of them had had. The world was made for betas.

He wondered if he’d ever wanted to have kids with Gabi and then decided that line of thought was nothing but trouble. He knew he didn’t want kids with anyone, but if he did it would be with Adam in the hopes of little Adam Raki clones that would fill the world with joy. The world didn’t need any more assholes like himself.

He was still lost in thought when Angela returned looking grim.

“He won’t let me into the cubicle… he’s upset.” Nigel could tell she was sugar coating it and was immediately on his feet. He was angry with himself. What kind of alpha was he that he had ignored so long the question of children by never asking what his omega might want. He wasn’t even sure he could guess what Adam wanted; it was something they had never even touched on past the question of contraception. But all omegas wanted kids; it was hard-wired.

His heart sank at the thought and he found himself outside the omega bathroom. He knew he really shouldn’t go in, but from here he had a sense of Adam’s pain and that was enough for him to throw caution to the wind.

The bathroom, thankfully, was empty except the lone closed door that hide Adam but not his gasping little sobs.

“Adam? Will you let me in?” Nigel asked gently. The sobbing stopped and there was nothing for what seemed like minutes but might only have been seconds.

“I want to go home.” Adam’s voice was quiet and raw and damn near broke Nigel’s heart.

“We can go home gorgeous. Just open the door.”

“I… I’ve upset Lynnette and Angela.” Anxiety strained Adam’s voice.

“No angel, you haven’t. They’re worried about you.”

“I never said I was happy for them. I didn’t say anything to Angela when she came in here. I’m a bad friend. Because I am happy for them and I didn’t say.” Another choked sob.

“You can tell them any time. They understand…” Nigel trailed off because he wasn’t even sure he understood. Adam was upset; he was happy for them but upset for himself. Upset because they didn’t have kids? Upset he wasn’t pregnant? He tried to imagine it. Somewhere deep inside his alpha brain the thought of Adam pregnant filled his chest with warmth, but that was only for a moment before the rest of his brain kicked back in. And then he couldn’t imagine Adam pregnant at all. He thought of his precious spaceman - his routines and his comforts. He was far from incapable of change and would make a wonderful parent. But there was nothing in the way Adam had ever been with him, nothing he had said that would in any way make him think Adam would want children. He had just assumed, the way Adam might assume he wanted children because he was an alpha.

“Can you open the door, please baby? We need to talk.”

Now a louder sob that Adam couldn’t hold back and everything in Nigel was telling him to break down the door and comfort his omega. Make sure he was safe and protected. But that wasn’t really the best way to proceed even if a year ago that might have been exactly what he would have done. He was more controlled now. Or at least controlled enough that instead he moved to the next stall, stepped up on the toilet and used the extra height to hoist himself over the partition wall. From there he could see Adam was in the middle of the cubicle curled in on himself, so he maneuvered and dropped down onto the toilet. He moved quickly before

Adam had a chance to react, dropping down behind the omega and enveloping him in his arms. And then he just held him through the brief moment of struggle before Adam slumped against him and began to sob into his chest.

Nigel cradled Adam to him and pulled him closer as Adam moved his face up into Nigel's neck and breathed deeply. He could feel Adam's breathing and heart rate come back down, feel a little relief through the bond.

Nigel's brain was spinning through what had just happened, what it might mean. It was totally not the right time or place for the conversation, but arguably the right time and place had passed a long time ago and this was all they had left.

"Adam… we need to talk about children, about us and children." Nigel started, knowing it was the wrong way to approach it as soon as the omega tensed. He felt the wave of anxiety pass through their bond. Maybe that was what made his thoughts click into place. "Adam, you don't want children, do you?" He asked gently.

The response was first a whimper and then muffled words spoken against his skin. "I want you to be happy."

"I am happy Adam. We're getting married and I'm so happy it fucking hurts sometimes. It hurts because I'm scared I'll lose you. I want to know what will make you happy. Do you want children?"

A pause and then silent tears against his skin. "No." Adam finally said. "They're messy and unpredictable and pregnancy is messy and unpredictable. I've never really been around children, I was hardly around them when I was a little myself - other children didn't want to be my friend when they realised I was different. I… I'm so sorry Nigel. I'm sorry we bonded before I told you that."

"Oh angel." He pulled Adam back so he could look in his face, all red and puffy from the tears. "I don't want kids, why did you think I would…" He knew why - the same reason he presumed Adam would want kids. He shook his head and the question away with it. "I think… I think we really must have been made for each other. The only alpha and omega in the world who don't want kids." He let out a low chuckle and felt Adam unwind slightly and his mood lighten with the motion.

"Let's go home. We still have some packing to do." Nigel nosed through Adam's curls and down to his jaw. "This time tomorrow we start our Romanian Holiday, like that movie." He smiled.

Adam cocked his head and seemed lost in thought. Confusion lacing his expression. "I don't think there is a movie called that."

"Yes, sure there is. With the girl who is a princess and they ride on a scooter in Italy. The girl who had breakfast with Tiffany I think." Nigel was glad to see Adam frown and shake his head.

"That was *Roman* Holiday, Nigel." Admonishment in his tone.

“Oh. I get confused, because you’re a prince, and we’re going to Romania.” Nigel grinned.

“That makes no sense at all.” Adam made the noise he always made when Nigel made no sense to him, a sort of sigh unlike any of his others.

*

It had taken a short while of gentling, rubbing little circles into Adam’s back, before he had felt comfortable to move. He saw their booth was now empty and so checked his phone on the way back to the car. Sure enough a text popped up from Lynnette asking to call before they left. He sent her a quick text reassuring her everything was fine.

By the time they got home Adam was clearly feeling more himself. Knowing that Nigel didn’t want children any more than he did had lifted the omega. He was back to anxiously excited about the holiday when they arrived home, which was good as they still had some packing.

*

It was almost done and Nigel was moving the bags to the door for ease the next day. There were a few curses in Romanian and then the sound of Adam’s carry-on being dropped to the floor. “Adam, Why is this bag so heavy?” a slight annoyance in Nigel’s tone at the same time as Adam walked into the room and saw him undoing the bag. “What the… Adam, do you need to take this?” Nigel pulled out the large tome - a well worn copy of The Hobbit in a thick, stout hardback..

“I wanted to read it on the plane.” Adam said, unable to hide the nervous tremor that resided only in his voice. In some ways it was like a safety blanket to him, it would help ground him and he was still a little overwhelmed about the trip, the wedding… Angela’s news. His bottom lip started to tremble and suddenly Nigel was at his side.

“That’s ok darling; you can take whatever you want. I can move some stuff to my bag if it’s too heavy.”

Adam smiled up at Nigel, feeling a little relieved. “Bilbo is like me, you know.” Adam said thoughtfully.

“You both have hairy toes?” Nigel replied with a grin.

Adam shook his head at the joke and gave a mock stern look. “No! He hates going out and having to deal with the world outside his cozy home but deep inside he wants adventure."

Nigel grabbed him into a hug, almost crushing him. “You are a fucking wonder Adam Raki!”

Adam felt a pull of something, not sadness or melancholy. Just perhaps an intrigue as to what his life would have been like without Nigel. He would still want to have adventures, but he would still hide away. Being with Nigel forced him out, and as scary as that could often be, it was equally fantastic.

“I used to think that the book’s characters were my salvation because I could understand them better than people.” Adam mumbled, but Nigel clearly heard as he squeezed him all the more. “If everything else was scary and strange, I could rely on them.”

They stood entwined for a long while, Nigel’s hand gently running over his back in a way that he knew he would enjoy greatly if he had on fewer layers. This thought sparked another and he pressed Nigel once more, leaning in to almost whisper into Nigel’s ear.

“We didn’t have any dessert… Shall we have some now?” He smiled at Nigel and felt his cheeks burn red in anticipation.

Chapter End Notes

mi-o tragi mai tare = “fuck me harder”, at least according to google translate, apologies if that isn’t quite right.

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Adam and Nigel arrive in Romania. Gabi is nice (and dealing with still be attracted to Nigel), Charlie is punchable (as always) and the boys explore Nigel's past...

To keep stress to an absolute minimum for both their sakes, Nigel had planned the entire trip as far as he possibly could. Which included booking a taxi for an hour before they really needed it - and that turned out to be a fucking fantastic idea considering they slept through the alarm and were woken by the driver.

He was just glad he had had a shower the night before once Adam had fallen asleep. Not so glad that their earlier conversation had put a Nicki Minaj song in his head which he had not only sung quietly in the shower, but now couldn't shake from his brain and was driving him mad whilst he rushed to get ready.

Take your medication, Roman
Take a short vacation, Roman
You'll be okay

"Ah! Fucking earworm!"

Nigel cursed but was happy that Adam actually found it somewhat amusing. They had overslept after getting only 2 hours sleep thanks to Adam's need for some comforting, to the point where Nigel wasn't sure he could even get it up anymore. So the last hour had been a mixture of gentling and foreplay that had finally tired out Adam and both his overactive brain and libido.

This turned out to also be in their favour once they reached their airplane seats and Adam immediately fell asleep. Nigel had bought business class tickets so Adam would at least be as comfortable as possible, and it didn't make much of a dent in the money he still had saved from Romania and the additional money from his boxing. The atmosphere was calmer, the lighting lower. The seats were roomier, not that it much mattered as Adam had immediately raised the armrest between them and nuzzled into his side to sleep. Nigel nodded off too from time to time though wasn't able to match Adam's sleeping through almost the whole 15 hour flight. The thought that he'd fucked Adam into such a state of exhaustion brought a smile to his lips.

When they landed in Bucharest Adam was as settled as he was going to be, and Nigel had to keep reminding himself that as much as the omega was daunted by travelling, he had moved to a completely new city all on his own on the other side of the country before they even met. So it was a relief when Adam was more excited than nervous when they left the airport,

commenting on anything and everything that was different from either New York or California.

Once outside Nigel began looking around, realising quickly a problem he had not considered and didn't want to share with Adam - he wasn't sure what Gabi looked like. The few memories of her he had recovered were years old and who was to say they were even accurate then. So he was pretty relieved when a young woman with a soft face and short blonde hair waved and smiled before starting towards them - a young man cautiously trailing behind her.

"Nigel!" She smiled and tentatively hugged him. When he returned the hug she gave him a squeeze and held on for a moment longer than she might have done with just an old friend. "You look so well. Very fit and healthy."

"Boxing, it um, keeps me in shape." Nigel returned her smile. She nodded and turned to the man still standing just behind her, pulling him forward slightly.

"Do you remember Charlie? My boyfriend, well, fiance now."

"I don't, I'm sorry." Nigel felt a little embarrassed as he held out a hand to shake, which Charlie took with what looked to be a relieved smile before shaking with a firm grip.

Nigel stepped back and pulled Adam tight to his side and looked into his spaceman's wonderful blue eyes. "This is my Adam." He smiled, and Adam returned the smile and a blush darkened his cheeks.

Gabi made a sort of noise, a cooing sound almost. "Oh, you are perfect together!" She gave them a look of open adoration before moving into Adam's space and enveloping him in a hug. "You must be very special to have been this good for him." She all but whispered. Nigel was glad to see that Adam didn't tense or look uncomfortable, just a little stiff. And he smiled at Gabi as she stepped back.

"He's special to me." Adam replied, his blush growing redder and wider, now reaching his ears.

*

Gabi and Charlie were kind enough to take them back to their house to freshen up. Gabi had insisted over the phone, Nigel had told him. They would stay there a night and then go on to the hotel Nigel had booked. For now, they'd freshen up and then Gabi would take them to Nigel's home - a smaller town just outside of Bucharest, maybe a 40 minute drive. She suspected that was where he would have put his paperwork after their divorce as he had moved back there for a while. The family home.

Adam could tell Nigel was nervous even without the bond. His brow was deeply furrowed and he wrung his hands as he waited for Adam to dress, having himself only taken less than ten minutes to shower and dress again. Adam ignored the behaviour because he knew it was nerves about going back to one of the few places he actually remembered rather than Nigel being impatient with him. It was taking Adam a little longer to adjust than Nigel - strange

shower, strange bedroom, strange country. But he was proud of how well he was doing. All he needed to do anytime he felt a little overwhelmed was think of Nigel, scent him.

Alpha, safe, protected, provided. Before meeting Nigel he had occasionally through that he was in the worst position - having autism as an omega. If he had been beta no one would care, and if he was an alpha he'd maybe fend better. But then he met Nigel and as much as many modern omegas hated to give into that primal side of themselves to be protected and provided for, it gave Adam a sense of security that helped calm him. Maybe it was just Nigel. He couldn't imagine feeling this way with anyone else. Love and loved, safe. Safer than he'd felt in his whole life.

So now in a foreign country and beyond his usual routine, he should find this hard, but although not easy, it was manageable. Because of Nigel.

Gabi and Charlie seemed nice, even though Adam was almost completely unsure how he was supposed to react to Nigel's ex. Maybe more confusing for the fact that Nigel didn't really remember her, which made Adam actually feel a little sad. He couldn't imagine what life would be like if Nigel didn't remember him.

Adam finished getting dressed and then slung his arms around Nigel, who sat on the end of the bed not even noticing him until he was in his personal space. Then he smiled at Adam and Adam felt a warmth run through him.

"You're nervous."

"I… I am." Nigel hesitated to show weakness, but as always revealed it to Adam. "I remember that place; it's one of the few things I do remember. My mother…" He trailed off and Adam nodded.

The last memories Nigel had were of his mother's funeral now almost 10 years earlier. The gap of 8 years in his memory made it quite fresh for Nigel whereas it may well have been something he'd recovered from before. As much as one can recover from the loss of a parent. Adam knew this well himself. They were both orphans but they had each other.

Nigel broke from his maudlin state, beaming a smile at him which he was sure was as much to convince himself as to convince Adam. Nigel stood and pulled Adam to his side as they headed into the lounge.

As Nigel and Gabi talked quickly about directions and best routes to drive, Adam felt Nigel's arm around him tense and relax in turns, but never waver in holding him. For a moment Adam thought it was strange that Nigel was being so comforting when he wasn't having that much trouble dealing with everything at all. And then, a tingle of something through their bond, and Adam realised that he wasn't comforting Adam, he was comforting himself. Adam caught the whimper before it had chance to form and instead snuggled into Nigel's side, hands giving reassuring squeezes where they had purchase. He felt Nigel relax a little against him and began rubbing his hand in circles at the base of Nigel's back - as he always did to gentle Adam. Nigel let out a small sigh that only Adam was close enough to hear, before he and Gabi continued their chatter. He zoned out of it and focused on giving comfort and support to his alpha.

*

“You still own the place.” Gabi said as they all climbed out of the car and looked at the little house. Nigel stretched, having been cramped up in the back with Adam but not wanting to be separated from him by sitting in the front. He didn’t want to show any weakness, hadn’t shown any, but Adam knew. Adam comforted him. And he felt ok about it. Maybe the old him might not have done. But who he was now - Adam’s alpha - he would share the feelings through the bond and Adam would think no less of him. Besides, if Gabi or Charlie started to view him as weak he could always punch Charlie in the face. For some reason he couldn’t quite fathom as he seemed like an ok guy, Nigel did have an itch to punch that face.

“After the divorce you came back here, I assume your paperwork will be here.” Gabi continued. “Do you have a key?”

Nigel gave her a look and her reaction, an eyeroll, was so familiar. Not just something he vaguely remembered, but familiar as an action she had obviously done so many times in the past. It made him feel strangely comfortable with her in the way that she was clearly comfortable with him.

Nigel wandered to the door and gave it a testing push to ensure it was firmly locked, and quite heavy duty too. As much a defense against the seasonal cold as anything else.

“I’ll see if there is a window open.” Gabi said and started off around the side of the house. Charlie seemed to decide this was a good and headed to the other side.

Nigel had just checked the give of the door again - solid - when Adam appeared beside him with a key held out to Nigel.

“What the fuck?” Nigel was surprised by the appearance of the key.

“It was there.” Adam pointed down to the one lone, and now he thought about it, obvious looking rock next to the footpath leading to the house.

“Oh.” Was all Nigel could say, amazed that the key was still there and the house undisturbed. He took the key and used it, with a smile to Adam who beamed one back.

Adam looked around in a sort of wonder, taking in all the nicnacs under the dust. He went to study the collection of Romanian dvds on the shelf next to the old TV set. He was completely absorbed and fascinated in a way that tugged at Nigel’s heart. He had moved over to the omega and lowered his head to the back of his neck, nuzzling in there, which made Adam snort a little laugh in surprise.

Gabi cleared her throat behind them, Nigel straightened and turned towards her.

“Sorry.” She was blushing a little at her interruption and Nigel wondered if he had a type, and if so if it was *people who blush*. “If there’s paperwork you usually keep it upstairs, in your bedroom. I can show you-” she trailed off and blushed harder, her eyes flicking between Nigel and Adam.

For his part, Charlie who was standing slightly to the side of Gabi wore a gormless expression and appeared to have been unphased by the exchange, or perhaps it just went over his head. Nigel couldn't quite tell with that one.

"It's fine. I remember this house." Nigel kept his tone friendly and gave a reassuring smile. He turned and squeezed Adam's shoulder before heading out of the lounge and towards the stairs.

*

Adam was entirely captivated by Nigel's old house.

When they had met Nigel had pretty much just the clothes on his back and no real home. They had learned about each other from that point and Adam only now considered how one-sided that had been. He had been starting over too, but at least he had many of his possessions with him; relocating rather than leaving his past behind as Nigel had. Adam had often wondered about Nigel's past, probably as much as Nigel had, but he had never considered he might know any more than the bits and pieces Nigel remembered and shared.

So standing in this room, just the first one he had come to yet, and taking everything in - it was like being in a museum of Nigel's life. There were so many things that were at once familiar because they were so Nigel - a small dachshund paperweight on a shelf, a gym bag by the door with a soccer ball balanced on top - but different too in their foreignness. Adam ran his hand over the spines of books, then dvds - all Romanian - with wonder as they seemed to unlock Nigel a little more in his head as he passed over them. When he got to the little dog he picked it up and rubbed it against his jumper to remove the dust, before turning it over in his hand with a smile.

"Um, I'm really happy for you and Nigel." Gabi was standing behind him and he turned to her with a smile.

"This place is so full of Nigel!" He couldn't help but voice the thought in his head and she smiled.

"Yes, it really is. I forgot how much-" she cut herself off again. Something Adam had noticed she seemed to do a lot when talking to or about Nigel. His brow knit as he tried to work it out. He was surprised to see that made her blush and she shifted from foot to foot.

"I, uh… I need to make clear. I'm in love with Charlie. I have history with Nigel, but that's all it is." She rushed the words out so fast it took them a moment to register in his head and then another moment to wonder if he looked as confused as he felt at her statement of facts.

"Ok." He nodded to confirm the facts.

"I just… I'm sorry if it seems like… I mean… Well, Nigel and I were all wrong for each other. Totally wrong! But I was in love with him and you don't just… I still care for him I guess. And now he's this *nice* version of himself, it'... very confusing."

"Ok…" Adam still had very little idea why she was saying this.

“I just don’t want you to think… that… Well, he’s still very attractive-”

Adam smiled and nodded and cut her off there with “Oh yes, he’s very attractive. It’s his face. His cheekbones, they are at a pleasing angle, mathematically speaking.”

“Adam, do you… understand what I’m saying.” This irked Adam a little but he knew she meant nothing by it. People did this to him a lot - assumed he was stupid. He reeled back through her words and let them all click into place before he replied -

“You are concerned that your still being attracted to Nigel will make me worry that you might want him back.” Adam smiled but wasn’t sure quite how to react to how red Gabi’s face grew. He wondered if he looked like that when he blushed. He quickly continued - “It’s ok. I don’t think that! You have Charlie, I have Nigel and he is *very attractive*, and you’re only human.” He joked with a smile. Gabi maybe didn’t understand the joke, or just thought he was odd because she gave a lopsided smile and a wary nod.

“Adam, whatever you’re doing to bring out the best in Nigel, keep it up.” She replied, pulling on a full smile and squeezing his arm before heading to the sofa and sitting down next to Charlie who appeared to already be making himself at home.

*

Being back in his old bedroom brought up a lot of feelings for Nigel that he had put off for a long time. He had been so busy trying to deal with, or not, the memories he didn’t have that he spent little time dealing with the ones he did have. Normally because they were accompanied by a stab or two of pain. Never more so than now.

He picked up the picture of his mother from the top of the dresser and choked back a sob. Her death had felt so fresh when he had first woken up in the hospital, that it was strange to know that it was so long ago. After a moment he pulled himself together, resolving to revisit this another time when he was better prepared to do so. He placed the photo on his bed and then opened the drawer that contained his paper work. School diplomas, such as they were, his marriage certificate, divorce papers, his pedigree paperwork wedged between the two. He smiled as he held it in his hand. Antiquated or not, he now had what he needed to marry Adam and that was all that mattered. He picked up the papers and the photo and headed back downstairs.

Gabi and Charlie didn’t seem to be anywhere around and Adam appeared to have emptied out a gym bag he had found and started filling it with things - some books, dvds, framed photos, a few trinkets.

“What are you doing baby?” Nigel asked, so completely endeared with how engrossed Adam was with the dvd collection.

“I can’t figure out what they all are.” He stated.

“Mostly TV shows.” Nigel said with a shrug. “Romanian TV is… an acquired taste.” Nigel joked.

Adam frowned at the dvds and then pulled an arm full off the shelf and dropped them into the bag.

“You’re taking them?”

“We’re taking them. They’re yours. You need more stuff.” Adam was concentrating on the books now.

“I don’t need stuff darling, I have you.” He grinned and made his way to Adam.

“I’m your future Nigel, you need your past.” Adam said in a tone that invited no argument and it pulled at Nigel’s heart. He slipped his arms around his omega and nuzzled kisses into his neck.

“You certainly are my future, and I can’t wait. I found my papers.”

“Oh, that’s good.” Adam beamed before focusing back on the books. “I wonder if it would be easier to hire a removal company. They could pack everything and bring it home to us.”

Nigel knew the tone well. Adam was focused on this now, and he wasn’t even going to think of stopping him. He just nodded and pulled Adam into a brief kiss. When he pulled back Adam put something in his hand.

He looked down at the little dog and let out a short, sharp laugh followed by a sob. “This silly thing.” He was rendered speechless for a moment as his chest tightened and he felt his eyes sting.

“Nigel?” A worried look from Adam.

“It’s… my mother gave me this when I was a child. I wanted a dog, my friend had a dog and I wanted one too but she said they were too expensive to afford. That they were expensive to buy but then also to feed. I was upset and the… the man she was with, some shithead beta that thought he was an alpha, got pissed off about it. I think maybe we were talking too loud whilst he watched TV - and he smacked me real good.” Nigel absentmindedly rubbed his face. “So, I never asked again, but a couple of weeks later I found this on my pillow with a note from my mum saying that this would have to do until I was grown enough to help pay for a real one.” He let out a low laugh. “It was sort of a secret between us. But by the time I was grown enough to get a job I was too busy with chasing pretty things and getting into trouble. But I always did like dachshunds after that - which is why I bought that shirt-”

“My favourite shirt.” Adam cut him off and then drew him into a gentle but passionate kiss.

*

They found Gabi and Charlie outside and set off from the house. Nigel decided he would come back before the end of the week and sort through it a little. He knew it would make Adam happy to have some of the stuff shipped home. It would make him happy too of course, which was why Adam wanted it. He smiled.

They talked a lot on the way back, Nigel now in the front and Adam sleeping in the back - head lolling now and then onto Charlie's shoulder as the other American tried to remain awake.

Gabi caught him up on local politics, news, even what was happening on TV. They laughed and it was easy and nice and he was sorry that he put her through the pain and hurt that he knew he must have done. He was happy that she had Charlie. He seemed like a bit of a wet blanket the more time Nigel spent with him, but he was good to Gabi and that counted for a lot.

Gabi had spent a while telling him about changes to the city, not just in the time he'd been gone but before that when he reminded her that he had lost several years memory. In the end, after Nigel had told her that her descriptions were confusing, she suggested that tomorrow Nigel take Adam on Charlie's scooter and tour around the city. Nigel winced at the thought of the scooter, thinking that of course Charlie would own a scooter not a motorcycle, but he agreed. It might be good fun.

When they got back to the house it was starting to get dark. Gabi let them all in and Charlie went ahead to switch on the light. Nigel was right behind him and saw the figure the same time as the lights came on. The same time as Charlie uttered -

"Holy fucking shit!"

Gabi was behind them now and the four of them stood staring at the man lounging on the sofa who had been waiting for them in the dark.

"Get the fuck out of my place Darko." Gabi all but shouted as she moved forward, Charlie grabbing her and pulling her back.

Darko for his part ignored her, focused entirely on Nigel.

"Good to see you old friend." He smiled, and then cocked his head. "Though surprising. I thought I had warned you not to return."

Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Adam and Nigel, inevitably, run into trouble.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Nigel had been so focused on Darko, and remaining firmly between the alpha and Adam, that he completely missed the heavies who came into the room as Darko got to his feet. Two from one door, one from another, a fourth behind them who must have followed them in from the street.

“Imagine my surprise when my contact at the airport saw your name on a manifest. I like keeping tabs on such things as you know.”

“No, I don’t know. No memories.” He tapped his head and Darko grinned.

“Shit? I thought that was a put on. Well, damn.” He chuckled.

Nigel bristled, but remained still. This was no match and he wasn’t going to endanger Adam or the others by doing something stupid and impulsive. Which was probably the opposite of what he might have done before he moved to The States.

Darko seemed to think this too from his reaction. A sort of amused surprise.

“Whatever this is, it does not involve anyone else here, so how about we take it elsewhere.” Nigel kept his voice level and calm out of necessity. He could feel Adam’s anxiety and fear, likely every alpha in the room could smell it. He was just thankful that he and Adam were mated and bonded - he wouldn’t want an unmated omega in this situation.

“That’s very reasonable of you.” Darko smirked. “Unexpectedly so. What have they done to you in America? You used to be a much angrier man.” He let out a low chuckle and looked at Adam then.

The shift of Darko’s eyes onto his omega had Nigel fighting the combustive anger within him. The anger he had learned not only how to control, but how to harness with disciplined action. Disciplined violence. If he believed in fate he might have believed that boxing had come into his life for this exact moment. To protect Adam right, not to get them both hurt or killed by rash action.

A smashed glass. Charlie’s throat and puffed out cheeks. Gabi pointing a gun at him.

He pushed the jumble of thoughts from his head, trying to forget the anger that accompanied it, that he had felt at the time perhaps. It didn't linger, not like they had when he had first begun to have these flashes. He remained in control.

Darko's smile had dropped and he appeared to be perturbed by the Nigel in front of him that was different than the Nigel he had known in at least one very important way - he was mated and Darko was threatening his omega. Something that Darko clearly knew he had realised too late.

With his eyes on Adam, Nigel blind-sided Darko. A measured punch to the other alpha's face, the cracking sound as bone connected with bone and Darko went down. It seemed to almost happen in slow motion as Nigel danced back on his toes. Just like in the ring. He felt strangely like he should feel bad. He had no idea of Darko's background, whether he knew how to fight. Had there not been the threat hanging there then Nigel would not have hit someone outside of a fight - it was unfair. Or at least would have been had it been one on one, but it wasn't and a moment later the two men in one doorway were on top of him, holding him firm as Darko regained his feet.

He didn't struggle at first, assessing the situation. He only struggled once the two other men advanced on the group, one taking hold of Gabi - who spat in his face - and one taking hold of Adam - who made a sound between a whimper and a growl. At the sight of Adam being grabbed Nigel tensed but still did not fight.

For a moment everything was held still and they all regarded each other in an eerie silence. Darko's expression - mirrored in his companions - told Nigel that he knew he had made a mistake. Darko's face was already bruising and swelling, and that hadn't even been the best punch Nigel had ever landed. Making a decision, the wrong decision, Darko continued -

"*That* was not very clever Nigel. It is no way to treat an old friend. How about we all go down to the club and talk about this situation."

Nigel made no response and so Darko started towards him, and then continued passed him and to Adam, whose jaw he gripped in his hand. He turned Adam's head from side to side to get a look at him.

"Very beautiful. Not your usual taste, but I see the appeal. Perhaps we can make some arrangement. I'm sure many would pay to see this pretty thing dance at the club." Darko's eyes moved back to Nigel. Nigel's eyes were trained on Adam, on the defiant and set jaw in Darko's hand. The sight made him want to rip Darko's head off. He wanted to look to Charlie - the only one of them not restrained, who at last look had been standing scared and uncertain - to spur the beta into some sort of action. Something to cause the distraction Nigel needed to break free with the least risk to Adam as possible. He was just about to force his eyes from Adam to Charlie when something unexpected happened.

Adam, whose body was shaking ever so slightly, whose cheeks were darkened by anxiety and fear, Adam, sweet and beautiful omega, suddenly turned his face into Darko's grip and clamped his teeth down onto the alpha's fingers.

From the scream it was clear that the bite was deep. Darko shook his hand but Adam held on even as the man restraining him attempted to pull him back.

The hold on Nigel loosened in response to the attack and he easily swung one man around to collide with the other, both tumbled to the floor. When the first one was back on his feet Nigel laid a direct jab to his face and he crumpled back down with his bloodied nose in hand. The second hesitated as he found his feet. Darko's yelling, screaming and Romanian cursing filled the air as Adam continued to grip onto him. Finally the man holding Adam managed to wrench him back so hard that Adam's head snapped back. Nigel was distracted by this long enough for the second man to land a punch to the side of his head. It rang his bell for a moment, but it was clumsy and lacked any real power - unlike the punch that Nigel returned, putting the man down immediately.

Adam, mouth bloodied, was struggling against the man now, fear taking over as he tried to break free. The man holding him seemed unsure what to do other than hold on tight as Darko continued to scream and now grasp at the hand that was spilling blood.

Gabi started to struggle then and her captor must have taken it as a sign, because at that he released her and took off out of the house. Gabi ran in the opposite direction, into her room, as Nigel bore down on the man holding his omega.

"There is a finite number of ways this will end." He told the man who then promptly dropped Adam and ran after his friend and out of the door.

Gabi was back in the room then. Darko had stopped screaming but was making pained noises as he cradled his mangled fingers. Adam had dropped to the floor. Nigel loomed in the centre of it all as though master of the carnage. Slowly silence fell other than the panted breaths of all in the room.

And then there was the sound of a gun cocking and Gabi had her weapon pointed directly at Darko.

"I said, get the fuck out of my place." She spoke through gritted teeth and then fired the gun. The shot was intentionally wide, just passed Darko's head and into the sofa behind with a soft thudding sound.

There was a moment of hesitation before Darko got to his feet and looked at his two remaining companions who were slowly coming to and easing themselves up. Gun still trained on Darko, Gabi used it to indicate the door. The three of them went towards it, Darko at the rear moved slowly and then turned before leaving -

"What I told you remains true. There are too many alphas in this city. I want you gone by the end of the week or I will come back." Darko continued out the door then and Charlie rushed over to it and slammed it shut in his wake.

"Ridiculous!" Gabi stated. "What is he to do if he comes back in a week?! No more than he has done here and that didn't work for him."

“He won’t be back.” Nigel replied. “It was an empty threat - to save face. He knows not to try. But either way we will be gone. Will you be ok?”

Gabi smiled reassuringly and waggled the gun. “I learned from the best.”

The implication that she meant Nigel was in her expression and tone, and Nigel wasn’t sure how to feel about that. About guns or having taught his ex how to shoot them.

Nigel was at Adam’s side by the time Gabi had said this and now he reached down and pulled Adam up into an embrace. Adam rocked against him slightly, wrapped his arms up around his neck and buried his face there, breathed Nigel in.

“My brave, beautiful Adam.”

*

Adam wasn’t sure when he had squeezed his eyes shut but he didn’t open them again until he felt the soft bed of Gabi’s guest room beneath him and the hard weight of Nigel on top of him. And then he didn’t move for a long while. He wasn’t sure how long, but however long it was Nigel stayed with him, pressed to him as he shook. As the anxiety subsided and he focused only on Nigel’s breathing.

When he finally squirmed around so that he could better curl into the alpha, Nigel rolled off him and pulled them both onto their sides. He opened his eyes then to see Nigel smiling at him, his eyes then moving down to Adam’s lips. Adam could still taste the blood in his mouth and it made him feel sick, but he didn’t want to move.

“You’re a wonder to me, gorgeous,” Nigel told him. He pulled Adam into a hug and held him there for a few minutes before pulling back and rising from the bed. Adam let him go and watched the door for his return.

Nigel came back a few minutes later with a bowl of warm water and a face cloth. Adam pulled himself up on the bed and both men remained silent as Nigel wet the cloth and started to wipe the dried blood from Adam’s face. When it was all gone he leaned in and pressed a kiss to Adam’s lips. Adam smiled at him when pulled back.

“I don’t like the taste,” was all Adam could think to say, feeling raw and overloaded. He was hugging his arms around himself in an effort not to rock back and forth.

“I know darling. I… I can’t believe you did that Adam.” Nigel’s hand moved to his cheek and stroked softly, Adam leaned into it, his eyes fluttering closed.

“I had to. I didn’t want him to hurt you.” Adam’s voice quivered slightly. And then Nigel pulled him into a tight embrace, crushing their bodies together.

“Adam Raki.” Nigel spoke into his hair. “I can’t wait to fucking get home and marry you.”

Adam let out a tinkle of laughter and shared his funny thought - “I’m sure it will be a much less traumatic experience than this one.”

*

Nigel had barely slept a wink. Not because of any fear over Darko - after what had happened he didn't think they would see him again. He wasn't going to mess with an alpha who could take out a whole room with minimal help, and he certainly wasn't going to be letting on to people that he'd nearly had his fingers bitten off by a fucking omega.

He was sorry for the trouble he'd brought to Gabi and Charlie but she sure could handle herself, and had reassured him of this over coffee in the morning before the others had woken up. Nigel hadn't really slept so he had gone to the kitchen when he had heard her moving around, leaving his exhausted Adam to sleep on.

He could see himself with Gabi in a strange way. Or more so he could see the person he had been with her, what he knew of him. There was an appeal there that translated into something akin to a familial closeness. He could even acknowledge that she was a good looking woman, and yet it did nothing for him. He felt a warmth spreading in his chest when he thought about Adam. His mate. Nothing could compare to that.

Over coffee Gabi had helped him plan the next few days. Some of the sightseeing Adam had wanted to do, and also a trip back to the house to label things up so she could help arrange a moving company. Nigel would make sure to leave her some money to take care of it all and then some.

Nigel and Adam were supposed to be heading to a hotel that night, but Gabi insisted they stay and he didn't feel in any mood to argue about it.

When Adam finally woke up he seemed small and anxious. Nigel made him breakfast and rubbed his back and nuzzled into his neck as Gabi and Charlie buzzed around them getting themselves ready for their day ahead.

"I'm going to take Charlie to his work now and then I will be back; rehearsals are not until later. The keys to the scooter are on the side there," she indicated with a smile as they left.

"Are we going on the scooter?" Adam asked, a sort of curious smile on his face.

"Yes, if you like." A tentative reply from Nigel. He was happy to do absolutely anything Adam wanted, and was unsure after the previous night whether that would be anything other than stay in bed. The turn of events and exhaustion had left neither of them in the mood for sex despite craving the intimacy of it - so they had lain naked in the bed together, pressed tightly to each other - Nigel's cock flush against the line of Adam's ass. The thought of it certainly made Nigel very happy to not leave the house all day.

His thoughts were interrupted by a quiet laugh from Adam.

"Then it would be like that movie." Adam grinned.

"What movie?"

“Roman Holiday. That you joked about. They ride around Rome on a scooter… Unm Gregory Peck takes Audrey Hepburn around on a scooter to get to know the city.”

“Oh.” Nigel huffed a laugh and grabbed the keys. “In this scenario Adam you are a Princess.”

Adam looked thoughtful for a moment. “Ok. But… I don’t think I’m very feminine and I’m not sure about dresses.” Adam was distant for a moment as he continued to think and Nigel was bewildered at what on earth he could be thinking about.

He was just pulling on his jacket when Adam finally spoke again.

“I think I’d be ok with panties. Maybe a soft lace. What colour do you think would suit me?” Complete innocence shone in Adam’s expression as he posed the honest question to Nigel, whose mouth was agape. Nigel groaned aware that his cock was suddenly very hard.

“Fuck! Adam, why do you have to go and say things like that?” His voice transmitted the pain of his confined cock and he pulled his jacket back off. Adam was giving him a questioning glance as he made his way to the omega and hoisted him over his shoulder, slapping his ass with an audible thwack.

“What are you doing?” Adam asked, bewildered but amused.

“Adam, I am going to take you back to the bedroom and fuck you.” He replied in a neutral tone, stating facts just as Adam liked. “And then, I am going to take you fucking shopping. And buy you some of the prettiest fucking panties you’ve ever seen, and then I’m going to fuck you again.”

At this Adam let out a light laugh. “Oh. Ok Nigel.” He responded as Nigel closed the bedroom door behind them and hoped for her sake Gabi wouldn’t be back for a while.

Chapter End Notes

We're almost at the end of this series! BUT STAY TUNED! I will be adding a bonus chapter here later today, and the final installment to this series ~ There And Back Again ~ will be posted tomorrow...

BONUS CHAPTER: White Lace Panties

Chapter Summary

A bonus Chapter // Deleted Scene - What happened when Adam bought the white lace panties

Nigel felt a swell in his chest, then a shudder radiating out from there to the extremities - to his fingertips. And his fingers ached, they fucking ached to touch Adam. Adam's body was strong and hard, inherently masculine. It was something that appealed to Nigel a great deal - no need to be gentle. Not that he was ever rough when it was unwelcome, but there was a difference between Adam and the tender, supple flesh of a woman. The lines of Adam's body were curved, but in a muscular and defined way that a woman was not. And so, there was absolutely nothing feminine in the scene before him as Adam lay stretched, belly down, on the bed wearing only a pair of white lace panties.

His ass slightly raised, showing the garment and his body within, at the best possible angle. Nigel's mouth went dry at the sight. He had known what to expect, he thought. When Adam had returned from the shop and then asked Nigel to give him a few minutes before coming to the bedroom, Nigel knew what to expect. Only he really hadn't. Knowing that Adam had bought some underwear and having a fairly good idea of what that underwear was, was not the same as experiencing it. Experiencing this!

Adam shook a little with each halting breath he drew - anticipation written all over his body. Nigel's breath immediately stopped at the sight and he now drew in a deep, shuddering gasp that he saw made Adam shiver.

Nigel felt like he was suspended in the moment. A moment that he didn't want to break, and the same time as wanting very much to break it if it meant touching Adam. And so he broke it. Stepping forward, with each step weighing him down. His clothes seemed unnaturally heavy, so he shed them as he moved until he stood naked next to Adam.

"Fucking beautiful darling." He ran a hand lightly from Adam's shoulder, down the arch of his back and over the lace barely covering his ass. Adam's whole body rose to meet his hands as it went and then resumed its previous position. Adam panting harder now. His ass was still raised, preventing his cock finding any purchase against the surface of the bed.

"Are you ok gorgeous?" Nigel lowered himself onto the bed, stretched out alongside Adam with a hands trailing along soft skin.

"It's a bit… The fabric is very stimulating." The words were almost a whimper and Nigel felt them to his core. This was clearly already overwhelming for Adam. The feel of the fabric, the situation. Hell, Nigel was almost overwhelmed!

“Do you want to take them off, or get changed?” He asked softly. Adam looked beautiful, fucking felt beautiful. But if he needed to get out of the panties then that was what was going to happen!

Adam shook his head and then rolled onto his back. Nigel could hear his blood thudding around inside him, his pulse racing at the sight. If Adam had looked gorgeous before - ass raised with lace accentuating the curve - he looked positively heavenly now. The panties hugged his cock, which was already painfully hard and pulled up to meet his belly, trapped in the lace.

Nigel bit back a few Romanian curses as his own erection stiffened - painfully full and heavy.

“No… I… I want your mouth…” Adam was flushed, his face and chest red with the blush he wore when aroused. Nigel leaned in and kissed him, felt the heat of his body, could feel what parts of his body was shaded red just from the heat of them.

A whimper then from Adam and Nigel knew it was time to move down. Trailing kisses across the heated chest, nuzzling down the little belly until he reached the tip of Adam’s cockhead as it poked above the waist band. He licked across it, and Adam jumped in response, an involuntary noise escaping.

“Too much…” Adam said. Nigel was going to pull away but the Adam’s hand was in his hair, gripping it and moving him down until his mouth hovered over the bulk of Adam’s cock, trapped in the panties.

Without further encouragement, Nigel sank his lips down onto the fine material, nuzzling along the line of his cock. The lacer becoming wetter as he tongued at the swollen flesh, taking each of Adam’s escaped gasps and moans as a request for more.

He moved himself along the bed until he was sat astride Adam’s legs, mouth seeking as much as possible whilst his hands worked their way to Adam’s hips and played with the material there. He wanted to pull them off. He wanted Adam to wear them forever. He moved down, tongue pressing against the material and exploring the root of Adam’s cock.

Sighs that had been almost gentle were closer to whines now as Nigel’s tongue, his mouth, his teeth, worked along Adam’s shaft through the material. Nigel let one hand leave Adam’s hip as he began to pump his own cock, now so very painfully hard.

“Nigel…” Spoken so softly Nigel almost didn’t hear. He looked up and caught the next few quiet words. “I need to cum.”

“Fuck! It’s ok gorgeous, I’ve got you.” He moved himself up until he sat on Adam’s thighs, their cocks lined up with only the lace between them. He pulled the soft material down until the whole of Adam’s erection was able to spring free, the material now pulled tight across the base of his cock. Nigel took them both in hand, his fist closing around both of them before he began to pump again.

Shuddering cries now as it started to become too much for Adam. Almost too much for Nigel. He picked up the pace, working them hard and fast, Adam’s body squirming

underneath him the whole time. And then Adam tightened. The whole length of his body going taut as he neared release. Nigel imagined their mixed cum on Adam's chest, the thought bringing him close to the edge. But he held off, his hand working them together, the friction and press was divine. He held off until he knew Adam was close - the hitches in his breath, the further tensing, the tightening of him.

And then Adam came and Nigel followed him, allowing himself to tumble over the edge and into Adam's waiting arms. Thick ropes of cum painted between them and now a mess, drying on their skin.

Nigel allowed himself to half drape over his lover, crushing him under his weight in a way he knew from experience to be calming for Adam, who responded by nuzzling into his neck.

Finally, with one hand stroking along Adam's side and then up into his hair, Adam's breath began to even out.

Both of them settled into gentle breaths, breathed against each other's skin. A close embrace.

Nigel felt satisfied, not just sexually, but emotionally whole. Made whole by Adam.

"Was… was that ok Nigel? For you?"

"Adam, you don't need to ever worry about me, but yes, that was fucking hot."

"We can do it again sometime." Adam was smiling as Nigel pulled back to look at him.

"I would love that darling." Nigel grinned and started laying gently kisses along Adam's neck.

"Good, because I bought a pair in red as well."

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!